

FORBIDDEN WORLDS

10¢



Out of
the ANCIENT
DEPTHS OF A MUSTY
EGYPTIAN TOMB IT
CAME... A MURDEROUS
MONSTER THAT CARRIED
THE CURSE OF FIRE!
FOR A TENSE, BREATHLess
STORY OF THE SUPER-
NATURAL, READ...
"The CURSED
CASKEt"

FREE OF THE BOUNDS OF
EARTH... FREE TO FULFILL
MY FLAMING DESTINY!





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**Build a Fine Business... Full or Spare Time!
We Start You FREE—Don't Invest One Cent!**

MAKE **BIG MONEY**

WITH FAST-SELLING WARM

MASON LEATHER JACKETS

Rush Coupon for FREE Selling Outfit!

NOW IT'S EASY to make BIG MONEY in a profit-making, spare-time business! As our man in your community, you feature Mason's fast-selling Horsehide, Capeskin, Suede and other fine leather jackets—nationally known for smart styling, rugged wear, wonderful warmth. Start by selling to friends and fellow workers. Think of all the outdoor workers around your own home who will be delighted to buy these fine jackets direct from you: truck drivers, milkmen, cab drivers, postmen, gas station, construction, and railroad men—hundreds right in your own community! You'll be amazed how quickly business grows. And no wonder!—You offer these splendid jackets at low money-saving prices people can afford! Our top-notch men find it's easy to make up to \$10.00 a day EXTRA income!

SHOE AND LEATHER JACKET ARE BOTH
LINED WITH WARM SHEEPSKIN!



Be the first to sell men who work outdoors this perfect combination!—Non-scut, warm Horsehide leather jacket lined with wooly Sheepskin, and new Horsehide work shoe also warmly lined with fleecy Sheepskin and made with oil-resisting soles and leather storm welt!

These Special Features Help You Make Money From First Hour!

... Men really go for these warm Mason jackets of long-lasting Pony Horsehide leather, fine Capeskin leather, soft luxurious Suede leather. You can even take orders for Nylon, Gabardine, 100% Wool, Satin-faced Twill jackets, men's raincoats, too! And just look at these EXTRA features that make Mason jackets so easy to sell:

- Warm, cozy linings of real Sheepskin...nature's own protection against cold!
- Quilted and rayon linings!
- Laskin Lamb waterproof, non-matting fur collars!
- Knitted wristlets!
- Especially-treated leathers that do not scuff or peel!
- Zipper Fronts!
- Extra-large pockets!
- Variety of colors for every taste: brown, black, green, grey, tan, blue!

Even MORE Profits with Special-Feature Shoes

Take orders for Nationally-advertised, Velvet-ez Air-Cushion Shoes in 150 dress, sport, work styles for men and women. Air-Cushion Inner-sole gives wonderful feeling of "walking on air" all day long. As the Mason man in your town, you actually feature more shoes in a greater range of sizes and widths than the largest store in town! And at low, direct-from-factory prices! It's easy to fit customers in the style they want—they keep re-ordering, too—put dollars and dollars into your pocket! Join the exceptional men who make up to \$200 extra a month and get their family's shoes and garments at wholesale prices!

Send for FREE SELLING OUTFIT Today!

Mail the coupon today—I'll rush your powerful Free Jacket and Shoe Selling Outfit including 10-second Air-Cushion Demonstrator, and EVERYTHING you need to start building a steady, BIG MONEY, repeat-order business, as thousands of others have done with Mason!

SEND FOR FREE OUTFIT!

Mr. Ned Mason, Dept. MA 178
MASON SHOE MFG. COMPANY,
Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

You bet I want to start my own extra-income business! Please rush FREE and postpaid my Powerful Selling Outfit—featuring fast-selling Mason Jackets, Air-Cushion Shoes, other fast-selling specialties—so I can start making BIG MONEY right away!

Name

Address Age

Town State

MASON SHOE MFG. CO.
DEPT. MA 178
Chippewa Falls, Wisc.

GHOST GOLD!

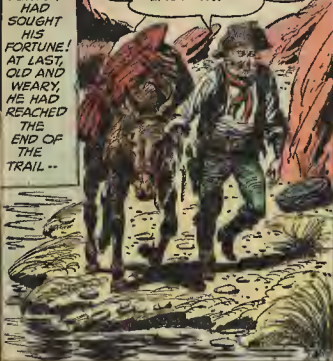
FROM THE MOULDY RUINS OF A GHOST TOWN IN THE OLD WEST, COMES THIS TERROR-PACKED TALE OF A MAN WHOSE COURAGE CARRIED HIM BEYOND THE PORTALS OF DEATH-- TO DEFY THE INFERNAL LAWS OF SATAN HIMSELF! YOU CAN'T IMAGINE THE INCREDIBLE RESULT UNTIL YOU'VE READ--

GHOST GOLD!



FOR FORTY YEARS, "DIGGER" DENTON HAD SOUGHT HIS FORTUNE! AT LAST, OLD AND WEARY, HE HAD REACHED THE END OF THE TRAIL--

MY PROSPECTIN' DAYS ARE OVER... GUESS I NEVER WILL STRIKE IT RICH! BUT I'LL JUST GIVE THIS CREEK ONE LAST TRY--



IT'S FULL O' NUGGETS! I'M RICH!



AFTER WEEKS OF SLOW PANNING, DIGGER MADE A STARTLING DISCOVERY--

THERE'S A MILLION IN GOLD BEHIND THIS WATERFALL! I'LL BLAST IT OUT!





WHA--! THE BLAST STARTED
AN AVALANCHE! IT'S GONNA--
YAAAH!!

RUMBBLE!

THUS
DID
DIGGER
DENTON
FIND
HIS
FORTUNE--
AND
HIS
FATE--



BUT
THEN,
FROM
THE
ROCKS,
AN
AWSOME
FIGURE
STRUGGLED
--AND
ROSE!

GOSH A'MIGHTY-- IT'S A WONDER
I WASN'T KILT UNDER ALL THEM
ROCKS! MUST BE MY
LUCKY DAY!



THEN, AS DIGGER TURNED, A DREAD SPECTRE
STOOD REVEALED IN ALL ITS SATANICAL HORROR!

HUH! WHAT
THE
DEVIL--?

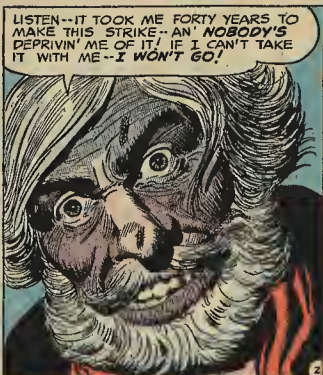
CORRECT, DIGGER! I AM SATAN, AND
YOU WERE KILLED IN THE AVALANCHE!
I HAVE COME TO TAKE
YOUR SOUL TO
HADES!



A LIFETIME OF HARD KNOCKS HAD
MADE DIGGER A FATALIST, SO--

WAIT--HAVEN'T
YOU HEARD?
YOU CAN'T
TAKE IT WITH YOU!

ALL RIGHT, I'LL BE
RIGHT WITH YE--SOON'S
I GET MY GOLD!



LISTEN--IT TOOK ME FORTY YEARS TO
MAKE THIS STRIKE--AN' NOBODY'S
DEPRIVIN' ME OF IT! IF I CAN'T TAKE
IT WITH ME--I WON'T GO!

NEVER HAD A MORTAL SOUL SHOWN SUCH COURAGE AS TO DEFEY THE MASTER OF DARKNESS! HE SMILED GRIMLY AND--

VERY WELL, THEN-- STAY! BUT REMEMBER, YOU'RE A CORPSE--AND YOU MAY FIND EVERYDAY LIFE INCONVENIENT!



WITH A CLAP OF THUNDER, THE FEARFUL VISITOR VANISHED--

WONDER WHAT HE MEANT BY THAT?--OH, WELL, MIGHT AS WELL GET BACK TO WORK!

CRASH!



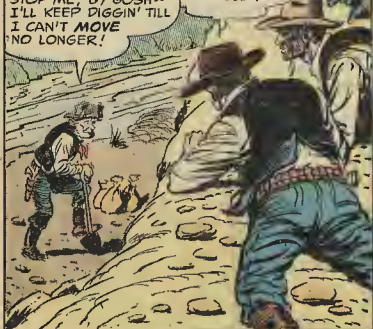
SOME DAYS LATER, DIGGER FELT A SUDDEN STAB OF DREAD--

MY HANDS--! THEY LOOK LIKE BONES! SO THIS IS WHAT'S HAPPENIN' TO ME!



WELL, IT WON'T STOP ME, BY GOSH-- I'LL KEEP DIGGIN' TILL I CAN'T MOVE NO LONGER!

PSST--LOOK AT THAT GOLD!



A FORTUNE--AND ONLY AN OLD MAN GUARDING IT! THE TEMPTATION WAS TOO GREAT!

YOU'RE TOO OLD T'ENJOY SO MUCH WEALTH, POP! WE'LL TAKE IT OFF YOUR HANDS!



BANG!

THE "OLD MAN" TURNED, UNHARMED, TO REVEAL A VENGEFUL FACE OF HORROR!

N-NO-- ARGH!



NEVER DID LIKE GUYS WHO'D SHOOT HELPLESS OLD PROSPECTORS IN THE BACK!



NEXT DAY, THE TWO BODIES FLOATED PAST
A DINGY MINING TOWN MILES AWAY--

IT'S PETE AN' RUSTY--
LOOKS LIKE THEY
PUSHED THEIR LUCK
TOO FAR!



HEY, LOOK -- GOLD NUGGETS IN THE
CUFFS O' THEIR PANTS! THERE
MUST BE A FORTUNE IN THIS
CREEK-- UP IN THE HILLS!



THUS BEGAN ONE OF HISTORY'S
STRANGEST GOLD RUSHES-- SET
OFF BY TWO DEAD MEN!



THEY WON'T GET MY GOLD--
I'LL HIDE IT IN THIS HERE
CAVE!



BUT THERE WASN'T TIME
TO HIDE IT ALL--

HERE'S THE SPOT,
BOYS-- LET'S
STAKE OUR
CLAIMS!



BEFORE LONG, A FLIMSY TOWN HAD SPRUNG
UP-- THE BOOM WAS ON!

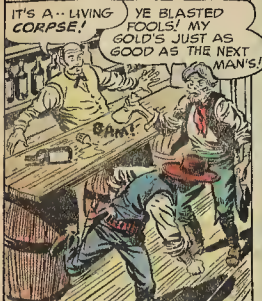


DIGGER, CONFINED TO HIS TINY CAVE FOR
WEEKS, DECIDED TO GO TO TOWN--

I GOT ALL THE GOLD
I CAN USE-- MIGHT'S
WELL SPEND SOME
OF IT!



BUT THE LONESOME SPIRIT FORGOT THAT HE WAS NOW A THING TO INSPIRE TERROR IN LIVING MEN--



SADDENED, DIGGER TURNED BACK TOWARD THE FRIENDLY HILLS--



BUT UNKNOWN TO HIM, HIS ANGRY BLOW HAD SPLIT THE BAG OF GOLD DUST--



FEARFULLY, THE MEN FOLLOWED THE GOLDEN TRAIL TO THE CAVE--

NO CORPSE IS GONNA KEEP ME FROM GETTIN' THAT GOLD--AN' I KNOW HOW TO DO IT!



LATER THAT DAY--

THIS'S AN APACHE MEDICINE-MAN! HIS SPECIALTY IS RAISIN' DEAD SPIRITS--AND LOWERIN' 'EM!

IS TRUE--I HAVE FREED MANY SPIRITS OF MY PEOPLE--SENT THEM TO THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUND!



MEANWHILE, DIGGER REACHED A FATEFUL DECISION--

I WAS A FOOL! EVEN HADES WOULD BE BETTER'N THIS!... IF YOU CAN HEAR ME, SATAN, I GOT SOMETHIN' TO TELL YE!



AN INSTANT LATER--THE DREAD APPARITION!

I SEE NOW THAT WEALTH IS WORTHLESS IF Y'CAN'T USE IT! I'M READY TO GO WITH YE-- WITHOUT THE GOLD!



AT THAT MOMENT, AN EAGER CROWD REACHED THE ENTRANCE OF THE CAVE--

OKAY, DOC-- DO YOUR STUFF!

O MASTERS OF THE SPIRIT WORLD, HEAR ME!



WITHIN, SATAN'S SHREWD BRAIN FORMED A PLAN--

VERY WELL-- PREPARE TO DEPART--

--THAT MEDICINE MAN OUTSIDE WILL SAVE ME THE TROUBLE OF TRANSPORTING HIM TO HADES!



AS THE MYSTIC INCANTATION ENDED--

IT IS DONE! THE OLD MAN'S SPIRIT HAS GONE TO ITS ETERNAL REST!

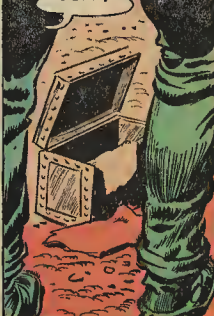


THEIR TERROR OVERCOME BY GREED, THE MEN STORMED INTO THE CAVE TO FIND--

IT'S TRUE--HE'S GONE! BUT--



--SO IS THE GOLD!



BECAUSE THERE IS NO TIME IN THE ETERNITY OF THE SPIRIT WORLD, THE NEXT SCENE TAKES PLACE AT THAT VERY MOMENT--

LIKE YOU SAID, DIGGER, THERE'S NO USE IN HAVING ALL THAT GOLD IF YOU CAN'T USE IT!

NEXT!

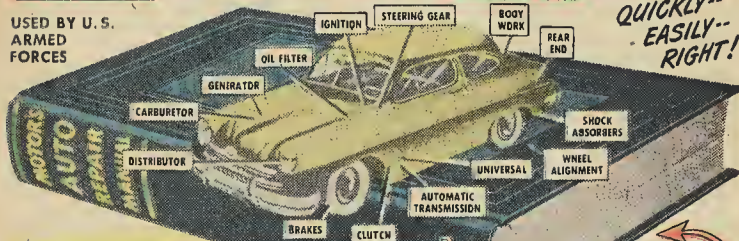


SO YOU SEE, READER, YOU CAN TAKE IT WITH YOU-- IF YOU FIGHT LIKE THE DEVIL!

The End

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USED BY U. S.
ARMED
FORCES



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EASILY--
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THE

HUNGRY

PICTURE

HENRY BEVINGTON was assistant curator of fine arts for the Civic Museum. He had been assistant curator for twenty-three years...and nobody ever hears of an assistant! That's what troubled Henry, and that's why he was jealous of Robert Adams, full-fledged curator of the division. Henry thought he knew more than his superior and felt that he rated his job. But there was no chance of Adams ever quitting...he liked his position far too much...particularly since it gave him the opportunity to lord it over his assistant. Which meant that Henry Bevington would *never* get to be head curator...unless his boss died! That was an event which Henry dreamed of often and longingly. But there wasn't a chance in the world that he would do anything to advance the event. At least...not until the arrival of the Farrell consignment.

The Farrell consignment was a shipment of rare pictures from the Orient. They were rare and incredibly ancient, and Curator Adams made sure that the arduous job of cataloguing them went to Henry. Working with suppressed fury, the assistant curator went about his task, which necessitated long overtime hours. He was particularly fascinated by one picture, which, according to his listing, had been unearthed from the tomb of an ancient necromancer. It depicted a ravening ghoul from Hades...a creature of monstrous proportions whose brawny arms were extended as if to gather in any prey unfortunate enough to come its way. Its details were hard to grasp, so lightened by age were its lines. Henry felt a strange compulsion to study the painting more carefully, and trained a high-powered magnifying glass upon it. As he did so, he recoiled in horror. For the ghoul's features were clearly visible now...and they wore an expression of such starved and hideous greed as to assume nightmare proportions. Shaken, Henry placed the painting upright on a nearby chair...to which, a moment later, the museum's pet cat lithely leaped. It was over in a moment. Henry's eyes caught a blur of motion, almost as if something had reached out of the picture...and the cat was

gone! Hardly daring to believe his eyes, he approached the painting warily, keeping his distance. Strange...no longer was it as faded as before. The ghoul seemed different, too...its face more satisfied, less starved! And, almost subconsciously, Henry noted the time on the museum clock. *Midnight.*

It seemed impossible, and yet...there it was! The assistant curator isolated the picture, studied it...and almost at once, discovered proof of his awful suspicion. For, within the painting, at the feet of the ghoul itself, lay a small object...which the magnifying glass revealed to be the collar which the cat had worn! It gave Henry a strange feeling of satisfaction, particularly when he contemplated the tremendous size and power of the ghoul. Such a creature would have an enormous appetite, to which something much larger than a cat would offer no difficulty. Say a *man*, for instance! Hmm...midnight was when the creature seemed to have its awful power. So it was that, a few nights later, Curator Adams received a phone call from his assistant, who told of trouble at the museum which required his immediate presence, then hung up without further details. Arriving at the museum shortly before midnight, Adams was met by Henry Bevington, who, declining explanation, ushered his superior into his office. "I'd like to show you something," he said tensely, as the clock commenced its midnight toll. "That picture on the wall...come here...closer...closer..."

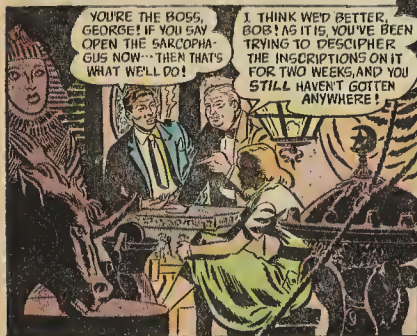
It was as he herded Adams towards the waiting picture that Henry stumbled. He fell headlong toward the painting. Adams was in no position to see the details. He couldn't see the awful ghoul lunge, seize the falling man, drag him greedily towards the waiting fangs. All he heard was a shriek and a terrible crunching noise...and Henry disappeared. Adams got the shock of his life when he looked into the picture. The ghoul could be plainly seen now, the lines of its body dark and definite, an expression of malvolent triumph on its awful countenance. And at its feet, staring sightlessly from the frame, was the head of Henry Bevington.

ITS ORIGIN WAS IN THE PAST, BUT IT SPANNED THE CENTURIES WITH THE BURNING WRATH OF A LIVING FLAME! FIERY DESTRUCTION WAS ITS CREED, AND ALL BECAUSE OF ONE MAN'S IMPATIENCE AND THE HORRIBLE SECRET OF...

The CURSED CASKET!



The HOME OF GEORGE STEVENS... MUSEUM ARCHEOLOGIST...



BUT HE'S LEARNED A FEW THINGS, GEORGE! ENOUGH TO TELL US THAT THERE'S SOME SORT OF CURSE CONNECTED WITH IT!

EVERYTHING THAT HAS EVER COME OUT OF AN EGYPTIAN TOMB CARRIES SOME SORT OF CURSE, SIS... AND THIS CASKET IS NO DIFFERENT!



IT'S MY JOB TO CATALOGUE THIS PIECE FOR THE MUSEUM AUTHORITIES! ALL THAT BOB HAS BEEN ABLE TO FIND OUT, SO FAR, IS THAT IT CONTAINS THE REMAINS OF A DISCIPLE TO SOME ANCIENT FIRE SPIRIT---AND THAT ISN'T ENOUGH! BESIDES, WE'D HAVE TO OPEN IT SOMETIME---SO IT MAY AS WELL BE NOW!



WHAT DO YOU THINK, BOB?

AS A RULE, THE DECIPHERING SHOULD COME FIRST, ANNE--- BUT IF GEORGE FEELS WE SHOULDN'T WAIT--- THEN I'LL STRING ALONG!



THIS ACETYLENE TORCH IS CUTTING THROUGH THE LEAD SEALING EASY AS PIE! JUST A LITTLE BIT MORE AND --- THERE SHE GOES!



AS GEORGE LIFTS THE PONDEROUS LID---

NOW WE'LL KNOW ONCE AND FOR---WHAT THE ---! IT CAN'T BE!



IT'S FILLED WITH EARTH! NOTHING BUT PLAIN EARTH!

OF ALL THE BLASTED LUCK!



AS GEORGE TURNS---AND THE FLAME FROM THE TORCH ACCIDENTALLY FALLS UPON THE EARTH-FILLED CASKET---

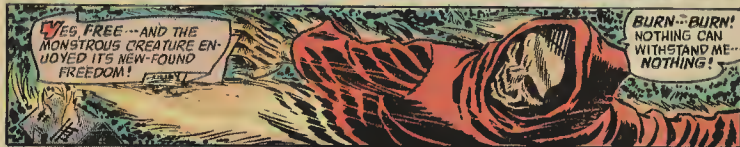
CAREFUL WITH THAT FLAME!



I AM FREE! FREE AT LAST!

THEN, BEFORE THEIR STARTLED EYES---REAR-ING FROM THE SARCOPHAGUS...





SEVERAL DAYS LATER... IT'S GETTING SO I'M AFRAID TO

LOOK AT THE PAPERS! EACH DAY'S DESTRUCTION IS WORSE THAN THE LAST!

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO, BOB? IN A WAY... WE'RE RESPONSIBLE!

DAILY TIMES

MYSTERIOUS FIRE CONTINUE!

POLICE OF THIS CITY WERE STILL BAFLED BY A SERIES OF INEXPL-
CABLE FIRES, WHICH SOME WITNESSES CLAIM WERE STARTED BY A FIERY, WRATH-
LIKE CREATURE, POLICE AND FIRE DEPARTMENT HEADS...

I'M NOT SURE YET, BUT I SPENT ALL OF LAST NIGHT WORKING ON THOSE INSCRIPTIONS ON THE CASKET--AND I'VE UNCOVERED A FEW MORE FACTS ABOUT OUR FIERY FRIEND!

YOU MEAN THERE ARE WAYS OF STOPPING HIM?



THEN WE'VE GOT TO DESTROY THE CASKET! LET'S BURN IT!

IT'S NOT THAT SIMPLE! THIS CREEP IS A DISCIPLE OF THE FLAME SPIRIT! REMEMBER, IT WAS THE FLAME FROM GEORGE'S TORCH THAT BROUGHT IT INTO BEING! FIRE IS ITS ALLY!

WHAT WE CAN DO IS TAKE THE CASKET TO MY PLACE! CHANCES ARE THAT FIEND WILL BE HEADING BACK HERE WHEN THE MOON RISES, AND THE STALL WILL GIVE ME ADDITIONAL TIME TO WORK ON THE DECIPHERING!

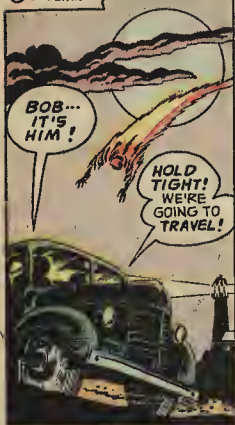
SHORTLY AFTERWARDS...

THAT DOES IT! NOW TO GET IT AWAY FROM HERE!

HURRY, BOB! IT'S GETTING DARK, AND THE MOON WILL BE RISING EARLY!



SUDDENLY...



BOB...
IT'S
HIM!

HOLD
TIGHT!
WE'RE
GOING TO
TRAVEL!

**FASTER
...HE'S
GAINING!**

IT'S NO USE, ANNE!
I HAD A HUNCH THAT
WHEREVER THIS
CASKET WOULD GO,
THAT CREEP WOULD
BE SURE TO FOLLOW!
ONLY I DIDN'T THINK
IT WOULD BE THIS
SOON!



THE PUNY
FOOLS! DID
THEY THINK
THEY COULD
ESCAPE ME?



THE TRUCK, BOB!
HE'S SET IT Afire!
WE'LL BE KILLED!

I'VE JUST THOUGHT OF SOME-
THING! A CHANCE OF BEAT-
ING THIS THING AT ITS
OWN GAME!



BUT IT'S TOO RISKY TO TRY IT WITH
YOU ALONG! I'M GOING TO SLOW
DOWN, AND WHEN I GIVE THE WORD I
WANT YOU TO JUMP CLEAR!

AND LEAVE YOU
TO HIM? NO, BOB
---I WON'T!

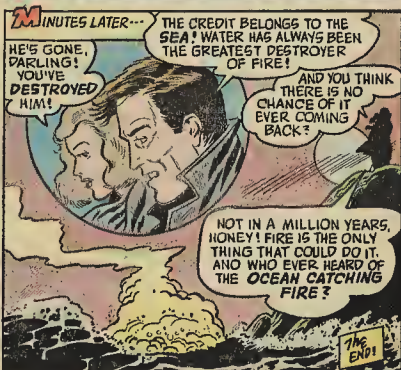
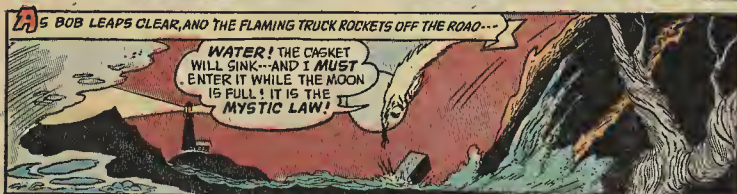


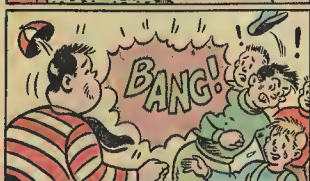
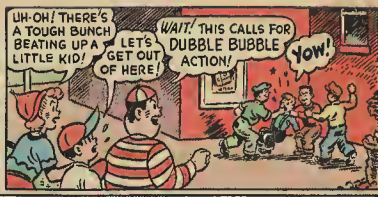
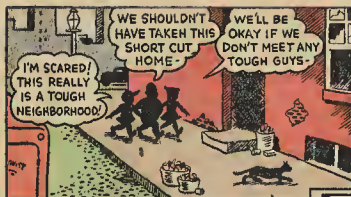
THERE ISN'T TIME
TO ARGUE! OUT
YOU GO!



STILL HE TRIES TO FLEE!
BUT IT'S NO USE---HE'LL
NEVER EVADE MY FIERY
TOUCH!



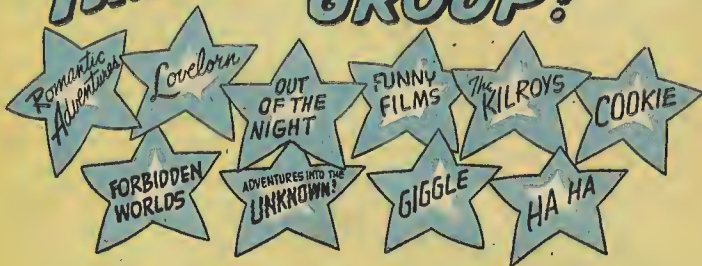




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They're the terrific ten...
THE GREATEST GROUP
OF HEADLINE HITS IN HISTORY!



READ THEM ALL
...REGULARLY...
Read **AMERICAN!**

WHEN THE WIND HOWLED AND THE LIGHTNING FLASHED, NO ONE STIRRED BEYOND HIS DOOR!
FOR THEN ALL HEARTS BECAME FILLED WITH DREAD, AND THE AWESOME TERROR OF THE...

DEAD MAN'S TREE!



FOR THE LAST TIME, MADGE--
DO YOU THINK IT'S SAFE
FOR YOU TO STAY
HERE ALONE?

ABSOLUTELY,
MAC! BESIDES,
BEING ALONE IS
WHAT I WANTED MOST!
THIS WAY I'M CERTAIN
OF GETTING MY BOOK
DONE!



AND IT'S THE PERFECT PLACE,
TOO! HERE I AM WRITING A
BOOK ON THE **SUPERNATUR-**
AL, AND IN A HOUSE THAT'S
SUPPOSED TO BE
HAUNTED! ISN'T
IT **THRILLING?**

SOUNDS
GREAT! YOU
COULD EVEN
INVITE A
GHOST OR TWO
IN FOR TEA ON SOME
RAINY AFTERNOON!



COULD BE DARLING! SEE THAT TREE THERE? FOLKS IN THESE PARTS CALL IT **DEAD MAN'S TREE!** THE STORY GOES THAT THE OWNER OF THIS HOUSE WAS SOME SORT OF **SORCERER!** ANYWAY, HE WAS HUNG FOR SOME VIOLENT CRIME AND WAS BURIED WHERE THE TREE NOW STANDS!

YOU MAKE IT SOUND REAL COZY!

BUT HERE'S THE **BEST** PART...WHENEVER THE LIGHTNING FLASHES HIS SPIRIT IS SUPPOSED TO COME OUT OF THE TREE AND WANDER ABOUT!

AND **THIS** IS THE PLACE YOU'VE PICKED TO WORK IN?

DO ME ONE FAVOR, HONEY! IF YOU HAVE ANY REASON TO WANT ME, GIVE ME A CALL... DAY OR NIGHT!

YOU'RE SWEET, AND I PROMISE I'LL CALL EVERY DAY...BUT ONLY BECAUSE I LOVE YOU!



AS MAC DRIVES OFF...

RAIN, AND LOOK AT THAT SKY...IT'S GETTING BLACKER. BY THE MINUTE! ANOTHER GAL WOULD BE HOPPING OUT OF HER SKIN, BUT NOT MADGE! SHE'LL ENJOY EVERY SECOND OF IT!

HOW WONDERFUL...A REAL STORM TO CELEBRATE MY ARRIVAL! WISH I WERE DRESSED FOR IT, BUT I'D BETTER GET INDOORS BEFORE I'M DRENCHED!

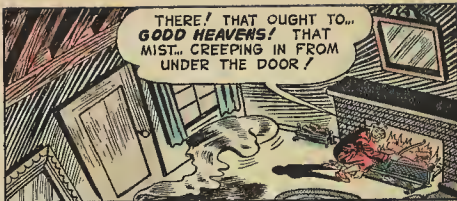
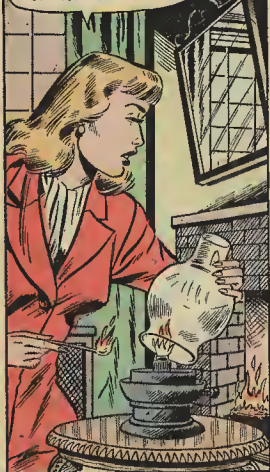


THEN, AS THE REVERBERATIONS FADE AWAY, A STRANGE MIST RISES FROM A HOLLOW IN THE ROTTED TRUNK OF DEAD MAN'S TREE...



INSIDE THE HOUSE...

STRANGE, BUT I SUDDENLY FEEL CHILLED--AS THOUGH A DOOR HAD BLOWN OPEN! GUESS I'LL THROW ANOTHER LOG ON THE FIRE!



THERE! THAT OUGHT TO...
GODD HEAVENS! THAT
MIST... CREEPING IN FROM
UNDER THE DOOR!

*THEN, BEFORE HER STARTLED
EYES...*

YOU WILL MAKE NO OUT-
CRY! REMAIN PERFECTLY STILL AND
NO HARM
WILL
COME TO
YOU!



GAZE DEEPLY INTO MY EYES!
LOOK WELL, AND BEHOLD
WHAT I AM!
TELL ME WHAT
YOU SEE
THERE--TELL
ME!

I... I SEE
CRUMBLING
STONES...
GRAVE-
STONES! AND
SWIRLING
MIST...A...AND
DEATH!



YES, **DEATH!** YOUR DEATH, UNLESS
YOU DO MY
BIDDING!

WHAT--
DO YOU
WISH?



LISTEN CAREFULLY, MORTAL! YOU HAVE COME HERE
TO WRITE ON THE **SUPERNATURAL**, AND WHO CAN
HELP YOU MORE THAN I? BUT IN RETURN YOU
MUST DO SOMETHING FOR **ME**-- SOMETHING THAT
ONLY A MORTAL CAN DO!
QUICKLY NOW, WHAT IS
YOUR ANSWER?

I... WILL...
OBEY!



GOOD! I HAVE WAITED LONG
FOR THIS MOMENT! **COME!**

LEAD... AND I
WILL **FOLLOW!**



SWIFTLY, THE GHOSTLY IMAGE LEADS HER TO DEAD MAN'S TREE...



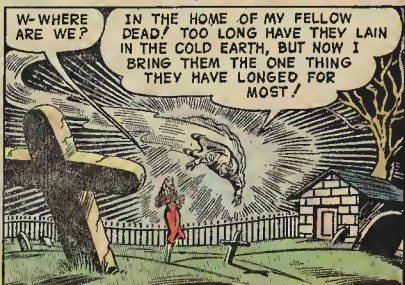
BREAK OFF SOME OF THE SMALLER BRANCHES! QUICKLY NOW... TIME IS FLEEING!

YES...



THAT WILL DO---NOW THE SECOND PART OF YOUR SERVICE WILL BEGIN! THE ALL-IMPORTANT PART THAT ONLY MORTAL HANDS CAN DO! BUT FIRST WE MUST MAKE A SHORT JOURNEY!

I AM... READY... MASTER!



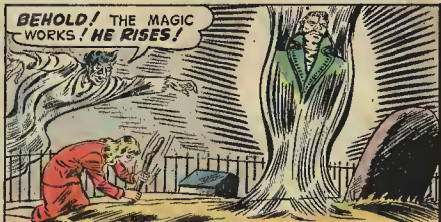
W-WHERE ARE WE?

IN THE HOME OF MY FELLOW DEAD! TOO LONG HAVE THEY LAIN IN THE COLD EARTH, BUT NOW I BRING THEM THE ONE THING THEY HAVE LONGED FOR MOST!

WE BEGIN **HERE**, WITH THE GRAVE OF THE INFAMOUS JOHN FLAGG... MURDERER AND THIEF! THRUST ONE OF THE BRANCHES INTO THE EARTH--**HURRY!**



JOHN FLAGG
DIED 1887.



BEHOLD! THE MAGIC WORKS! HE RISES!

I'M FREE... **FREE**--AND I OWE IT ALL TO YOU! ASK WHATEVER YOU WISH... IT SHALL BE DONE!

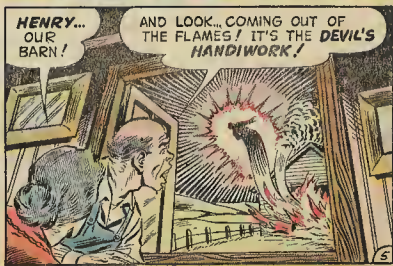
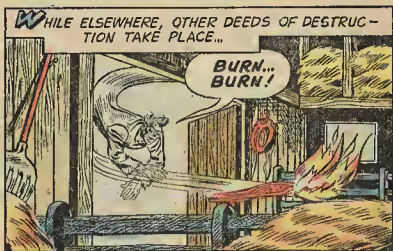
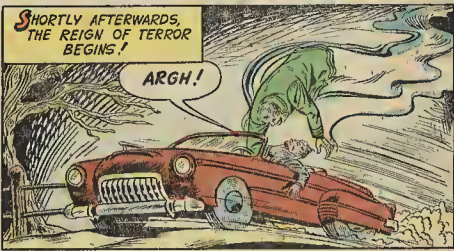
I'LL HOLD YOU TO THAT, FLAGG. BUT FIRST WE MUST INCREASE OUR NUMBERS!



AGAIN AND AGAIN, MADGE THRUSTS A BRANCH INTO THE EARTH... AND A NEW SPECTRAL FORM EMERGES!

FRANK MEAD, ASSASSIN! THE LAST TO BE CALLED!





SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER, IN THE TOWN'S GENERAL STORE...

I'LL TELL YA WHAT WE'RE UP AGAINST! IT'S THE WORK OF A **CURSED SPIRIT**... AN' I'LL WAGER ANYTHIN' IT'S THE OLD VILLAIN BURIED BENEATH **DEAD MAN'S TREE!**

MARTIN'S RIGHT! FANNY AN' I SAW HIM WITH OUR OWN EYES!



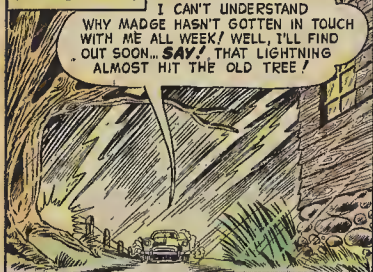
AN' I'LL TELL YA SOMETHIN' **ELSE!** SOME CITY LADY MOVED INTO THE OLD HOUSE ABOUT A WEEK BACK, AN' SHE AIN'T SET FOOT OUT SINCE SHE CAME! I'LL BET, MY THIRTY ACRES **SHE'S GOT A HAND IN THIS MISCHIEF!**

SHE'S A **WITCH**, I BET'CHA! I SAY **BURN HER AND THE OLD PLACE DOWN!**



MEANWHILE, AT THAT MOMENT, MAC APPROACHES THE OLD HOUSE...

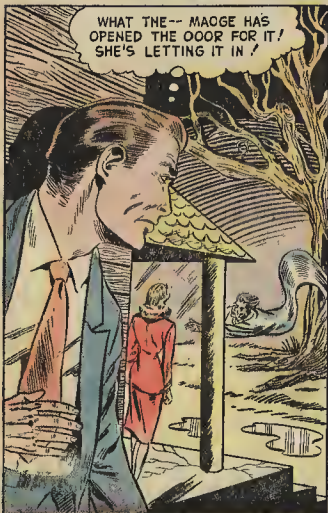
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY MADGE HASN'T GOTTEN IN TOUCH WITH ME ALL WEEK! WELL, I'LL FIND OUT SOON... **SAY!** THAT LIGHTNING ALMOST HIT THE OLD TREE!



GREAT GUNS! THERE'S SOMETHING COMING OUT OF THE TRUNK-- SOME SORT OF **GHOST!**

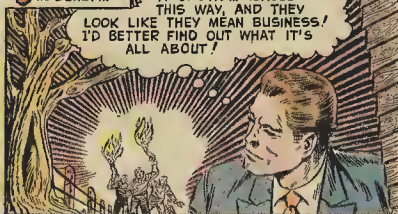


WHAT THE-- MADGE HAS OPENED THE DOOR FOR IT! SHE'S LETTING IT IN!



SUDDENLY...

A CROWD... HEADED THIS WAY, AND THEY LOOK LIKE THEY MEAN BUSINESS! I'D BETTER FIND OUT WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT!



AND WHEN MAC LEARNS THEIR PURPOSE...

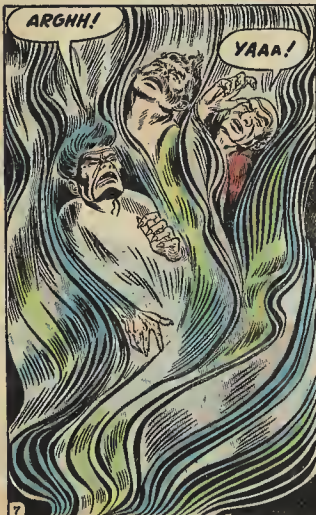
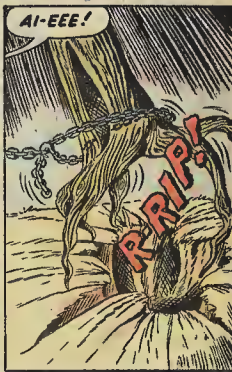
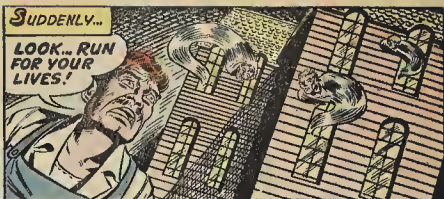
IT'S NO USE ARGUIN', YOUNG FELLA! YOU ADMIT SEEIN' HER LET THE GHOST IN, AN' THAT'S ENOUGH FER US! SHE'S A **WITCH**, AND SHE'LL **BURN** LIKE ONE!

SHE'S NOTHING OF THE KIND! THAT THING THAT CAME OUT OF THE TREE HAS SOME KIND OF **HOLD** OVER HER! ALL I WANT IS A FEW MINUTES TO TRY SOMETHING THAT **MIGHT** WORK!

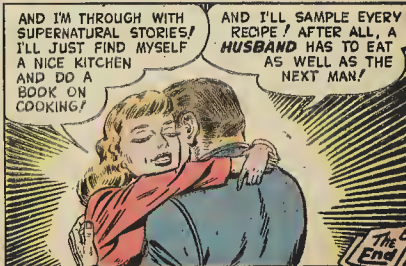


MINUTES LATER... WHAT'S THE IDEA OF HIM HOOKING A TOW CHAIN TO THAT TREE? I SAY WE'RE WASTIN' PRECIOUS TIME! LET'S DO WHAT WE CAME OUT HERE TO DO!

HOLD ON, BURT! IF HE'S GOT THE NERVE TO GET THAT CLOSE TO THE TREE, THEN HE DESERVES A BREAK!



SECONDS LATER, MADGE LEARNS THE STORY...



The End

From **YOUR EDITOR-** to **YOU!**

PRACTICALLY EVERY DAY we receive requests for back numbers of "Forbidden Worlds". We're flattered by this evidence of reader interest, but the fact is that we can almost never satisfy the demand. The early issues of "Forbidden Worlds" have now become collectors' items, and the only chance of getting a copy is to trade for it.

However, those of you who have stuck by us from the beginning are well aware that the contents of "Forbidden Worlds" have steadily improved, although our first efforts were hailed from coast to coast as already tops in the field. From the very first our policy has been to permit nothing in this magazine that was not the best, and this has been a constant and difficult challenge.

Our writers and researchers operate in all parts of the country, sifting reports, tracking down evidence of supernatural manifestations, judging the authenticity of all phenomena which seem to come from the great Unknown. Stories are months in the making, the result of devoted and unflagging devotion to the one subject which fascinates us all...the supernatural. This

is the bond which has caused "Forbidden Worlds" clubs to spring up all over the country, and which drives us relentlessly to ever greater effort.

We feel this issue will meet with your enthusiastic approval. The grim and eerie fate of the old prospector in "Ghost Gold" will keep you at the edge of your seat through the last gasp-laden moment. As for "The Cursed Casket!", its dire and spine-tingling menace guarantees thrills and chills galore. For something off the beaten path, don't miss "Dead Man's Tree!"...in which awful evil springs from beyond the grave to seek murderous vengeance. "The Dance of Death" is a spellbinding tale you'll want to read again and again, for the weird thud of an ancient tom-tom will grip you in the icy clutch of terrifying suspense.

We like nothing better than to hear from our readers, and that means you! Why not let us know how you feel about our efforts, as thousands of your fellow fans have? Simply write to The Editor, "Forbidden Worlds", 45 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y.

And now, let's dip into our mailbag:

"Dear Editor:-

I read every copy of 'Forbidden Worlds' I get hold of and I liked every one. Especially swell was the story 'The Devil and Tommy Trent'. Good luck and keep up the good work.

--N. Hall, Hartwell, Mo."

"Dear Editor:-

I have always been an ardent reader of fantasy. Your comic is superb. Ever since I picked up my first copy of 'Forbidden Worlds' I have anxiously awaited the next issue.


--Jo-Ann West, Canoga Park, Calif."

"Dear Editor:-

I thought the story 'The Pirate and the Voodoo Queen' was tops. Let's have more like this one.

--Tommie McDaniel, Lake Worth, Fla."

The *DANCE* of DEATH




MY NAME'S **BUZZ RYAN**... AND I USED TO BE A PILOT FOR PAN ASIAN CARGO AIRLINES! ONLY A YEAR AGO, I WAS FIDDLING AROUND IN RANGOON WITH MY CO-PILOT, **BILL MARTIN**--KILLING TIME WHILE OUR PLANE WAS OVERHAULED--AND **THAT'S** WHERE WE GOT LINED UP FOR THE **DANCE OF DEATH!** MAYBE YOU WON'T BELIEVE THE STORY... BUT YOU'LL NOTICE MY HAIR IS GREY AND THAT I USED TO BE A PILOT--**BECAUSE YOU DON'T HANDLE PLANE'S WHEN YOUR NERVES HAVE BEEN WRECKED FOR LIFE!**



IT COULD HAVE BEEN SHEER ACCIDENT THAT BROUGHT BILL AND ME TO THAT NATIVE DANCE JOINT--IN A BEAT-UP SECTION OF RANGOON!

YOU WANT TO STAY HERE, BILL--JUST TO LISTEN TO DRUMS?

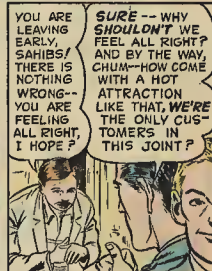
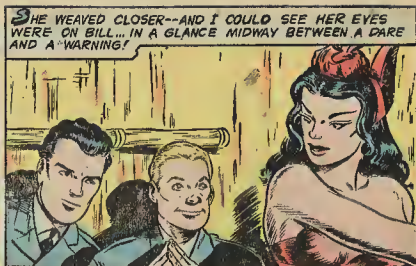
YEAH--THE BEAT GETS ME, BUZZ! LET'S PARK AWHILE--AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!



SLOWLY THE TEMPO ROSE TO A THROB--AND THERE, SWAYING IN THE HALF-LIGHT WITH THE TINKLE OF SILVER BANGLES--WE SAW HER!

OHH, BROTHER!





ORANA IS BEAUTIFUL, SAHIBS-- BUT FEW MEN HAVE THE COURAGE TO COME HERE AND WATCH HER DANCE! THERE ARE WHISPERINGS THAT SAY WHEN A MAN IS SMITTEN WITH ORANA--HE IS READY FOR DEATH!

THAT GAVE ME SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT--ALL THE WAY BACK TO OUR HOTEL ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF RANGOON!



SUDDENLY I SPOTTED A GLEAMING OBJECT ON THE GRAVEL--SOMETHING THAT COULD HAVE BEEN A STRIP OF RAINBOW-BANDED RIBBON--EXCEPT THAT IT MOVED!



AS BILL SWERVED--THE TINY FANGS PIERCED HIS ANKLE!

IT NICKED ME! WHAT IN BLAZES IS IT?

CORAL SNAKE --AND ITS DEADLIER THAN A COBRA!



IT TOOK LESS THAN FIVE MINUTES FOR THE VENOM TO DO ITS WORK! BILL LAY THERE, PARALYZED--HIS EYES BULGING--GASPING HIS LIFE OUT!

LISTEN TO THAT TINKLING SOUND, BUZZ! IT'S ORANA--SHE'S LAUGHING -- SHE'S CALLING MY NAME!

NO, BILL-- IT'S NOT TRUE! YOU CAN'T DIE-- BELIEVING IN THAT CURSE!



AND BILL DID DIE-- YOU CAN TAKE MY WORD FOR THAT! BUT WHEN I RETURNED A MOMENT LATER WITH THE WATCHMAN--

GOOD GRAYV! BILL-- BILL'S GONE!

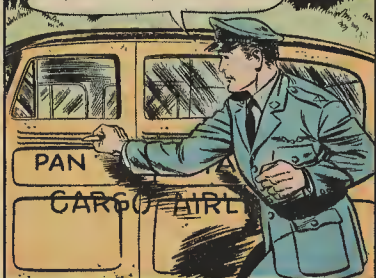


BUT THERE WAS SOMETHING WHERE I HAD LEFT BILL'S BODY-- SOMETHING UNMISTAKABLE!

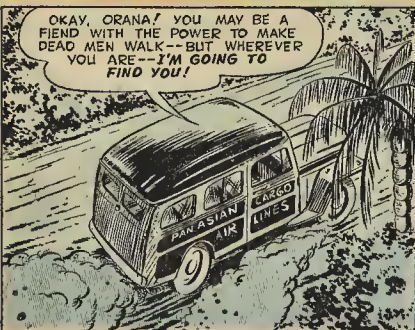
YEAH... IT'S A SILVER BANGLE-- THE KIND ORANA WEARS!



THAT SHE-DEVIL -- WRITHING THROUGH HER OANCE OF DEATH! SHE KNEW BILL WAS GOING TO DIE -- AND SHE CAME HERE TO CLAIM HIS BODY!



OKAY, ORANA! YOU MAY BE A FIEND WITH THE POWER TO MAKE DEAD MEN WALK-- BUT WHEREVER YOU ARE-- I'M GOING TO FIND YOU!



TO BEGIN WITH-- I WENT BACK TO THAT DANCE JOINT IN RANGOON!

SO ORANA'S GONE--AND YOU DON'T KNOW WHERE! BUT YOU KNEW ABOUT THE CURSE --AND YET YOU LET HER DANCE HERE! WHY, MISTER P

ORANA KNEW THAT MANY MEN ARE FATED FOR DEATH IN A PLACE LIKE RANGOON, SAHIB! SHE CAME HERE TO TRAP SOULS-- FAR MORE SOULS THAN SHE COULD FIND IN THE JUNGLE--AND I WAS TOO TERRIFIED TO REFUSE!



SUCH BEAUTY--SUCH GRACE--WHO WOULD BELIEVE WHAT I LEARNED ABOUT ORANA, THE UNHOLY ONE? BUT I FOLLOWED HER ONE NIGHT--I SAW THE HORROR SHE WIELDS IN THE JUNGLE! THINK OF YOUR SOUL, SAHIB--

I'M THINKING ABOUT THE SOUL OF BILL MARTIN--MY BEST FRIEND! YOU KNOW WHERE THIS PLACE IS--AND YOU'RE GOING TO TELL ME HOW TO GET THERE!

HOW FAST CAN A DEAD MAN WALK? THAT'S WHAT I KEPT WONDERING AS I SPED ALONG THE NARROW JUNGLE ROAD... WONDERING IF I'D REACH THE PLACE AHEAD OF THEM!



IT WAS AN ANCIENT RUIN--BROODING OVER ANCIENT EVIL! I GOT OUT OF THE CAR... AND SUDDENLY--I HEARD A FAINT FAMILIAR SOUND!



GREAT HEAVENS!



DO YOU THINK YOU CAN SAVE HIM? WATCH WHAT HAPPENS--WHEN I SUMMON HIM TO THE DANCE OF DEATH!

GREAT GUNS-- SHE'S DISAPPEARING!



IT'S BAD ENOUGH TO SEE HIM PLOD-- LIFELESSLY! BUT WHAT'S WORSE-- HE SEEMS TO KNOW WHERE HE'S GOING!



FOR AN INSTANT, I HESITATED...WATCHING THE MOONLIGHT SHADOWS ON THE MOSSY STONE... DREADING WHAT I'D FIND BEYOND!

THERE'S DEATH IN THAT OLD COURTYARD-- AND IT MAY CLAIM ME! BUT I CAN'T BACK OUT NOW--I'M GOING IN!





THERE'S **BILL**--WITH DOZENS OF OTHER CORPSES ORANA HAS LURED TO THIS PLACE!



BILL, EVEN IF YOU ARE DEAD-- YOU **MUST** BE ABLE TO HEAR ME! YOU DON'T BELONG HERE, BILL-- LET'S SCRAM BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

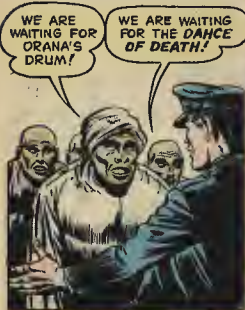
BILL DIDN'T ANSWER! BUT ALL AROUND HIM--A MURMUR AROSE FROM THE STARING DEAD!



THEY MAY BE ENSLAVED BY ORANA-- BUT I'M NOT! IF I FIND THAT FIEND--I'LL KILL HER!



B RUSHED BLINDLY THROUGH THE JUNGLE FOR A FEW YARDS-- AND THEN--MY RAGE DOZED OUT INTO TERROR!



WE ARE WAITING FOR ORANA'S DRUM!

WE ARE WAITING FOR THE DANCE OF DEATH!



HOLY MACKEREL! THAT IDOL'S LIKE SOMETHING DREDGED UP FROM A NIGHTMARE!



OR IS IT AN IDOL? IT'S MOVING--IT'S RAISING THE DRUM!

I'LL NEVER FORGET THE HOLLOW THUD THAT BOOMED THROUGH THE JUNGLE--BECAUSE I KNEW WHAT IT WOULD BRING! I HEARD IT IN A MOMENT--A BEAT THAT SEEMED TO ANSWER THE DRUM--A BEAT THAT GREW LOUDER--THE THUMPING FOOTSTEPS OF THE DEAD!



I YELLED TO BILL! BUT BILL WAS DEAD--DEAD TO EVERYTHING BUT THE SOUND OF THAT DRUM!

THEY'RE MOVING FASTER-- FORMING A CIRCLE AROUND THAT FIGURE!



THE DANCE OF DEATH! YE GODS, WHY DIDN'T I REALIZE IT SOONER-- THAT HIDEOUS FORM IS ORANA!



YOU GRISLY HAG-- I'LL TAKE THAT!



DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M GOING TO DO NEXT-- BUT I'D BETTER GET UP HERE OUT OF REACH!



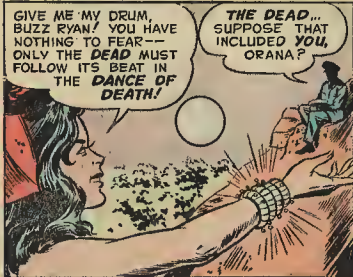
I CLIMBED NEARLY TWENTY FEET WHEN I HEARD A VOICE--A SOFT, CARESSING VOICE-- AND THE TINKLE OF SILVER BANGLES!

BUZZ RYAN --WAIT! ARE YOU AFRAID OF ME?



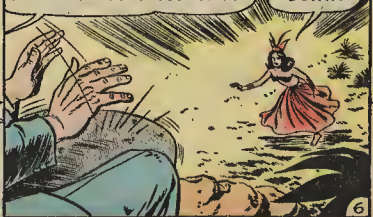
GIVE ME MY DRUM, BUZZ RYAN! YOU HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR-- ONLY THE DEAD MUST FOLLOW ITS BEAT IN THE DANCE OF DEATH!

THE DEAD... SUPPOSE THAT INCLUDED YOU, ORANA?



I'VE GOT THE DRUM, ORANA --AND YOU'RE GOING TO DANCE! LISTEN TO IT THUD--AND SEE IF YOU CAN HELP YOURSELF!

NO-- NO-- PUT THE DRUM DOWN!



I QUICKENED THE RHYTHM--AND BELOW--SHE WHIRLED IN A FRENZY OF EVIL!

FASTER, ORANA--FASTER! THIS IS A DANCE OF DEATH --FOR YOU!



I POUNDED THAT DRUM UNTIL MY HANDS WERE RAW ...UNTIL MY EYES WERE MISTY WITH SWEAT...AND SHE DANCED--DANCED!

AAGH! AAGH!



HEAVEN KNOWS HOW LONG SHE DANCED--BEFORE THE DEMON HEART BURST--AND SHE TOPPLED WITH A STRANGLED SCREAM!

EEEYAAAH!



HOLY SMOKE-- WHAT HAPPENED TO HER BODY?



SECONDS LATER... I KNEW! THIS TIME IT WAS AN IDOL--AN IDOL OF STONE--CENTURIES OLD! AND NEVER AGAIN WOULD IT LIVE!

HERE'S YOUR DRUM! YOU CAN HAVE IT NOW--BECAUSE IT'LL NEVER THUD AGAIN!



THEY LAY THERE--THE THINGS THAT HAD DANCED... AND NOW THEY WERE REALLY DEAD--AS CORPSES SHOULD BE!

I DID WHAT I COULD, BILL... YOU'VE HAD YOUR FLING WITH ORANA--AND THANK HEAVENS IT WASN'T THE WAY YOU WANTED IT TO BE--FOREVER!



I LEFT THEM THERE--BILL AND THE OTHERS--LEFT THEM FOR THE JUNGLE TO COVER! AND MORE AND MORE, I THINK THEY WERE THE LUCKY ONES... BECAUSE AS LONG AS I LIVE, I'LL SEE ORANA'S DANCING FORM--AND HEAR THE TINKLE OF SILVER BANGLES OVER THE THUD OF DRUMS!



The End

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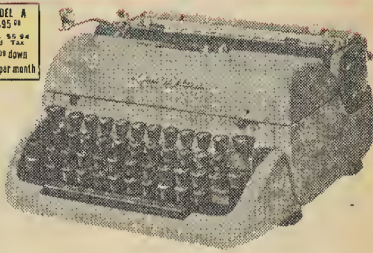
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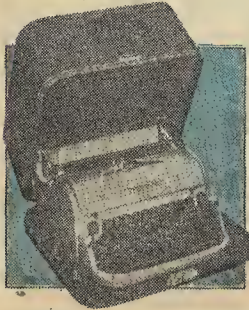
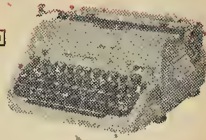


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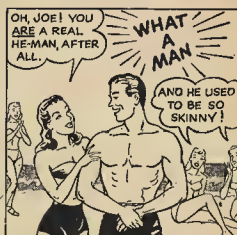
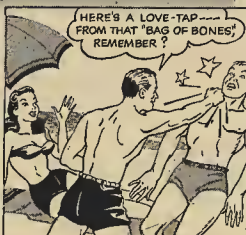
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